

LOOKED FOR BRIDE ON WATER'S EDGE

Vain Hopes of Seeing Her
Led Crowd to Queer Spots.

JAM AROUND WHITE HOUSE

Every Cranny of Rails and Buildings
Filled and Kept Stirring by
False Alarms.

Among the other rumors that went the rounds yesterday and were gathered home by various residents of the National Capital, was one strange story that the White House bride and groom in an effort to avoid the eyes of the curious, would make a wild dash down Fourteenth street from the White House and board a special car held in waiting for them on a sidetrack at the foot of Fourteenth street, on the river bank.

Those who had heard the story assembled on the bank at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and there kept a cold, damp, and cheerless watch. Determined to see the couple, they waited for more than two hours. The wintry wind which, in the upper part of the city, was moderated by the sun's rays, rushed across the river and struck the watchers with a dampness that smote them to the bone.

Occasionally, a freight train lumbered by, giving the persevering group a baptism of smoke. It was a vain business. Some began to realize it rather soon, but none would give up.

Friend Brought Disappointment.
At last, a friend appeared with the news that the couple had gone to John R. McLean's place, "Friendship." The group therewith departed as if struck by a magic wand of swiftness.

The river still lay dark and cold in the afternoon sunshine, the breezes still blew dank and piercing up the bank, but the scene was deserted. The romance of the possibility of seeing the White House couple no longer populated the place.

Three young girls stood at the corner of F and Fourteenth streets at twilight. A stylish brougham drove past, giving those on the pavement a fleeting glimpse of a middle-aged, feminine face beneath a hat of austere fashion.

"Oh, there she goes! There she goes!" yelled one of the maidens as if seized with a paroxysm of St. Vitus' dance and palsy combined.

"Who? Who?" cried the other two, apparently stricken with the same shaking affection.

Mere Man Disgusted.
"Why," said the first speaker, "she was at the wedding. Don't you remember we saw her leaving the White House?" A white-haired man saw and heard. He laughed softly, shrugged his shoulders, as if pitying the enthusiasm of youth, and passed on.

"Pshaw!" said one of the girls in disdain. "He couldn't appreciate a wedding, even if it were his own."

Two old colored women stood on the pavement opposite the east entrance to the White House, while some of the guests walked out that way after the wedding. One lady, gorgeous in a light terra-cotta gown made some attempt to hold it above the dust of the asphalt, but it drooped and dragged incontinently.

"Po! Gawd!" almost shrieked one of the old colored women. "An' she keers less w'd dat fine goods? Money ain' nothin' to her sho'."

Between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, there were hundreds of people who drifted around following up every rumor they heard about the probable places from which the bride and groom would "make their flight" from the city. The same faces, in the course of the afternoon, were seen at the Sixth street depot, the Baltimore and Ohio station and at the navy yard, at which place it had been said the couple would board the Sylph for a sail.

Many Foolishly Impatient.
It was comical to see with what indefatigable industry these curious ones walked and walked, urged on solely by the hope of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. They were, apparently, entirely oblivious of the fact that the couple will live on Eighteenth street in this city throughout the Congressional season after the honeymoon is over. The traveling curiosity of these people was immense, and practically all of them were disappointed.

"It is wonderful the interest Washington has taken in Miss Roosevelt's wedding. It seems as if all Washington has turned out to catch a possible passing glimpse of the happy couple." So say those who did not go down town. What else could be expected? A White House wedding is an innovation to the Washington of today. The popularity of both the bride and groom is enough to draw all the people of all the cities.

Few in Washington who could did not pack in front of the main entrance to the White House grounds in the morning. Long before the hour of the wedding had arrived the crowd began to gather in places of vantage. It stayed until nearly 4 o'clock, when the word had been quietly passed that the bride and groom had departed on their wedding journey.

Crowd Was Orderly.
The crowd was orderly throughout. At times it surged and jammed, causing much good-natured jesting. At the junction of Pennsylvania avenue and the drive between the Treasury building and the President's mansion, at one time the crowd became so packed that the mounted police had trouble in keeping a passage way clear.

One young girl, who was rather short, was determined to get as close to the iron fence as possible. Her pertinacity in edging through the crowd embarrassed her escort, an elderly lady, evidently her mother, who could not keep pace with her. Finally they became separated, and when the elderly lady discovered her charge was not in sight, called out:

"Susie! Susie! Now, where did that child get to?"

Everybody apparently took up the cry and for fully five minutes, until they caught sight of each other, Susie's name was on everybody's tongue.

Down in front of the Treasury building the crowd was almost as congested. Every nook and corner of the west side of the big building, where a sightseer could get a footing, was occupied. Men, women, and children were sitting on the fence, and were standing right or ten deep out into the street. Everyone seemed to have the one object of catching a glimpse of the bride couple as they were expected to depart from the President's home.

False Alarms Numerous.
"I believe there they are now," could be heard every few minutes after 1 o'clock.

An elegant carriage would wheel out from the White House gates, a dozen opera and field glasses and a score of cameras would be attracted to it, only to find that it was the gay equipage of some of the guests. The crowd would be on its tiptoes in a minute, but as soon as it was definitely determined that Mr. and Mrs. Longworth were not in the carriage, the crowd would settle back again for another false alarm to be sounded.

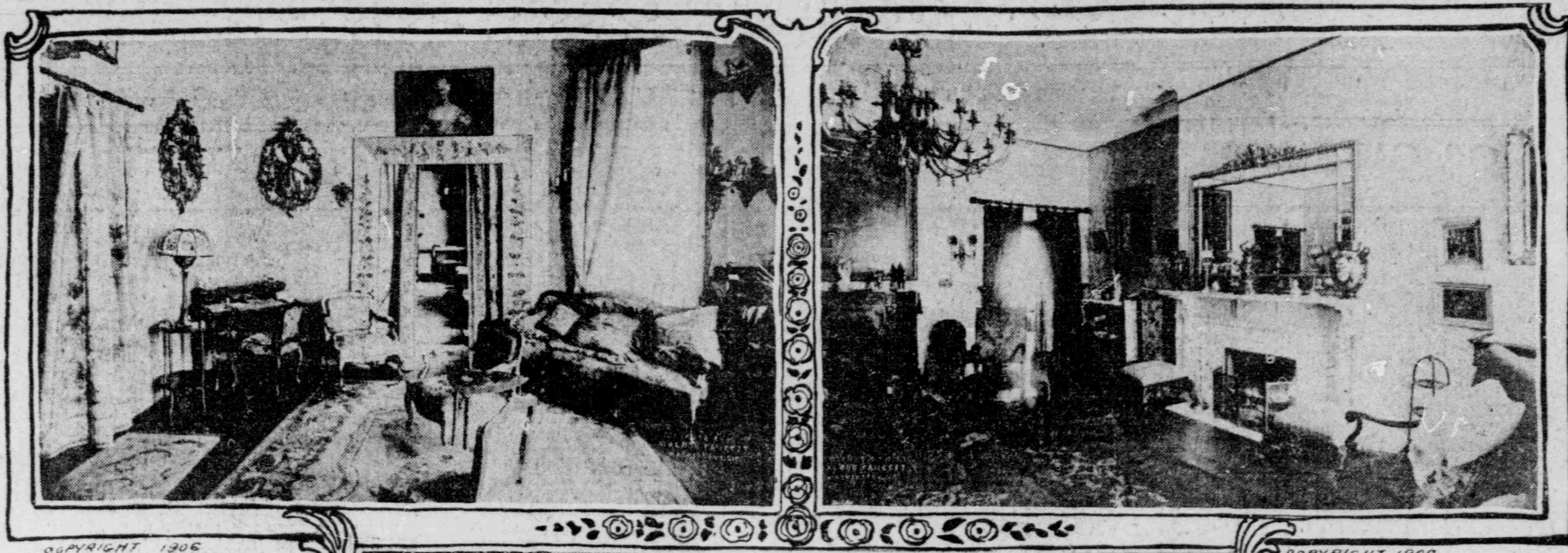
"I know she is coming out this way," one would say, and then would arise the question of where the couple would spend their honeymoon.

Guesses at Honeymoon.
"They are going to Oyster Bay," some one would suggest.

"No, they are going South to Florida," another would reply, and then a dozen places would be named where the happy couple would spend the rest of February.

A touring motor car drove out from the grounds and whirled down toward

INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE FUTURE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. LONGWORTH



BRIDE'S BOUDOIR.

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THE SPLENDIDLY APPOINTED DINING ROOM.

Happy Couple Dine Alone at Friendship

Enter Dining Room Arm in Arm—Longworth Proudly Carves the Turkey, While Red Lamp Benignly Beams.

BOSTON'S BELLS RANG TO HONOR WHITE HOUSE BRIDE

BOSTON, Feb. 12.—The city of Boston officially participated in the celebration in honor of the Longworth-Roosevelt wedding today.

Mayor Fitzgerald, immediately on reaching the city hall this morning, issued orders that, beginning at noon, all the bells of the city should ring for fifteen minutes in honor of Miss Roosevelt's wedding, and from 12 o'clock until a quarter after, for the first time on record, the bells in Boston rang for a White House bride.

**NEW CHIMES PEAL FORTH
SALUTE AT WEDDING HOUR**

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 12.—The chimes in Christ Episcopal Church in this city were finally adjusted today and they rang out at noon a joyous welcome to Congressman Longworth and his wife, Alice Lee Roosevelt.

**PLUCKY WOMAN KICKS BAD
BURGLAR OUT THE WINDOW**

FORT WORTH, Tex., Feb. 12.—The nerviest woman in Texas resides in the city of El Paso. Mrs. A. Quirk, of that city, is the proprietor of a hotel, and recently discovered a Mexican trying to effect an entrance into her property.

She took a shot at the intruder, and when he did not move fast enough she threw the gun away and proceeded to kick the son of Montezuma downstairs. He was later arrested.

The first private meal together of Mr. and Mrs. Longworth was taken mid the most exclusive surroundings last night in the McLean mansion on the Tenleytown road. The only attendant at the supper was the old butler, who has been in the service of the McLean household for years.

The entire house was turned over to Mr. and Mrs. Longworth last night, and save the old servant, the evening was spent in the utmost privacy. Even the French chef and his assistants were dismissed as soon as the meal was prepared. At 7:30 sharp the viands were brought into the large dining room and shortly after the young couple entered the room arm in arm.

Longworth Carves the Turkey.
Mrs. Longworth was dressed in a décolleté gown of pale pink, while the groom wore evening dress. They were seated at opposite ends of the table and Mr. Longworth demonstrated for the first time to his wife his ability as a master of the carving knife.

A huge turkey was placed at his end of the table under a large red light and the picture of the radiant bride smiling at his attempts to solve the anatomical problem on the plate before him, with the tall English butler at her back, was one of domestic tranquility which even White House brides do not furnish every day.

From an early hour in the evening the grounds were guarded by the detail of mounted policemen from the Seventh precinct, whose duty it was to guard the peace of mind of the happy couple within the mansion. From the roadway the house gave no evidence that within its walls were the most talked of couple in America today.

Through the trees lights shone from the dining room and the room on the floor, which Mr. and Mrs. Longworth occupied only.

Provisioned for Week's Stay.
The massive iron gates, originally brought from the famous Druid Hill Park in Baltimore, were closed and the policemen stationed on the inside so that attention would not be attracted to the place by their presence.

None of the many presents which the couple received were carried to the place where they will spend their honeymoon, but those who were there in the afternoon say that enough provisions were carried into the mansion to provide for a week's sojourn.

After the dinner the bride and groom retired to the library, where they were safe from every prying eye.

**WIFE NAMED AS EXECUTRIX
BY WILL OF JOHN EATON**

The will of John Eaton, dated November 26, 1897, has been offered for probate. He leaves his interest in Eaton Grange and the property inherited from his father, John Eaton, of Sutton, N. C., to his children, James S. Eaton, Elsie Janet Eaton, and John S. Eaton. The remainder of his estate is left to his wife, Alice Shirley Eaton, who is named executrix.

BRIDE'S WEDDING GOWN WAS CHARMING CREATION

Made of White Satin and Adorned With
Old Point Lace—Court Train of
Rich Silver Brocade.

A bride's robes are all too often the most unbecoming in her entire wardrobe, being of too severe lines for real grace and beauty, but Miss Alice Roosevelt never looked more charming than yesterday, was never more becomingly dressed than in the mysterious robe which she figured over and over in every newspaper in the country, and in a different guise in each.

After all it was the slender, graceful aspect of the girlish figure, the artistic outline, which lent the rich robe its wonderful charm.

Made of White Satin.
The robe itself was of white satin made princess, and so designed as to avoid the spreading, stiff aspect usually given brides. Indeed, the skirt was almost clinging until it swept away beneath the court train. The waist was adorned with point lace, arranged to give greater fullness to the bride's figure and there was a fall of the same lace from the elbow sleeves.

Chartran's portrait of Miss Roosevelt in her first days in the White House, made her slender, graceful throat beautiful of this same proud, independent lift of the head, and the same graceful curve to the throat and shoulders. The bodice of the bridal robe was so cut and made without collar, other than a jeweled one, that none of the graceful curve was concealed.

The court train was made of splendid silver brocade, woven in the looms of this country, and so carefully brought out that while it retained the necessary richness, it did not appear heavy or cumbersome. Over this beautiful gown, simple but almost gorgeous in its entirety, fell the folds of a tulle bridal veil, caught with orange blossoms. But few jewels were needed to heighten the effect of the costume, but with true girlish delight the young bride had concealed about her toilet a number of small jewels and trinkets belonging to her girl friends who superstitiously believe this will bring them an early and happy marriage.

Both the President and the bridegroom wore the conventional morning frock coat.

**FEAR THIRD CARNEGIE
GIFTS MEANS THIRD FIRE**

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 12.—"Another Carnegie organ means another fire," wrote some one to the pastor of the Mt. Washington Methodist Church after the building had been destroyed for the second time, and as a consequence members of the congregation now are standing guard nightly, as a third edifice has been erected and a third organ, the gift of Mr. Carnegie, has been installed.

Several nights ago two men were frightened away from the church, and in their flight left a bundle of oiled waste.

TREASURY CLERKS WATCH WEDDING

Full View of Guests From
Windows.

ALL WORK WAS STOPPED

Officials Humor Curiosity of Employees.
Thought They Saw Longworth
on Back Porch.

The White House wedding completely demoralized the female clerks of the Treasury Department. From the time the first carriage arrived, 10:25 o'clock, practically every woman, particularly those on the west side of the building, ceased to work.

Every window on every floor was crowded until the last guest left the grounds late in the afternoon. There are women in the Treasury Department who can give a minute description of almost every gown and cloak; they can point out the handsomest man, and tell which carriage looked the stateliest.

Officials Peeped Too.
There was no attempt on the part of the officials to put a stop to the assemblage of clerks all over the building to discuss the wedding. Some of the officials took peeps at the crowds and slight themselves. In short, the day was practically a holiday in the big money shop. It was pay day too, and the only real work done by the majority of the women was to walk around to the disbursing offices and draw their money.

The women were not the only ones affected. The men were pretty near as bad. They were conspicuously absent from their desks.

If any of the windows in the East Room had been open it would have been possible for the spectators in the Treasury windows to see the ceremony, but they were all closed except the two just in front of the platform on which the bridal party stood. However, these windows were obscured by a heavy green cloth.

Was it Longworth.
Those in the Treasury were delighted with the appearance on the back porch shortly before 12 o'clock of a man who looked very much like Mr. Longworth. His bald head shone in the bright sun, as he walked backward and forward with one of the ushers. Soon the two were joined by several others, until there was a little party laughing and talking in full view of the onlookers in the Treasury.

**PARENT LODGE OBSERVES
ANNIVERSARY OF ELKDOM**

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The thirty-eighth anniversary of the founding of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was observed by a banquet tonight at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel by New York lodge No. 1, the parent lodge of the order, at which the guest of honor was Robert W. Brown, of Louisville, Grand exalted ruler.

Mr. Brown is managing editor of the Louisville Times, and one of the best-known men in the fraternity.

The toastmaster was Thomas F. Brogan, of No. 1, and among those who responded to toasts were Edward McLaughlin, of Boston, grand exalted lecturer; knight, Alfred Lloyd, of New Jersey, grand esteemed loyal knight; William T. Phillips, exalted ruler of No. 1; Edward Leach and John A. Hennebery.

There were more than 500 persons present, among them being many actors.

**BABY SAID PAPA TICKLED
SERVANT; DIVORCE NEXT**

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Mrs. Marie Louise Watson has made an application in the supreme court for alimony and counsel fees pending the trial of her suit for a divorce against her husband, John H. Watson, a wealthy real estate broker. They were married on December 8, 1897. She complains of her husband's too friendly relations with a servant.

There was submitted a statement by their child, said to have been made to the mother, that "Papa was tickling Bridgie," one of the servants. The statement of the child, which is only two years old, is alleged by Mr. Watson to be ridiculous.

POLICEMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WERE KEPT VERY BUSY THROUGHOUT THE CEREMONY



FOOD FOR THE FINEST UNTIL THE BAND PLAYS

COTERIE OF FOCUS FIENDS PIERCING TO FORAGE.